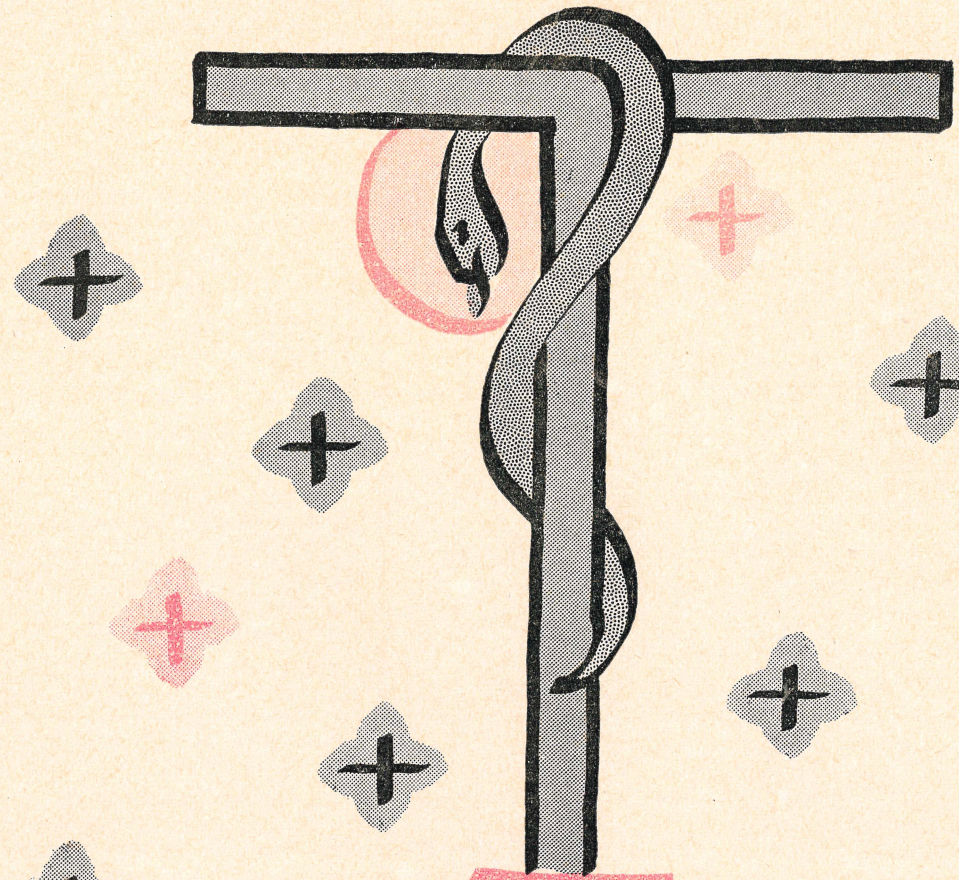
The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

AS NATIONAL SECRETARY OF THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE and an active participant in missionary endeavor for many years, Monsignor Edward A. Freking is in a position to judge concerning the mission outlook during the present world crisis. "America—War—and the Missions" tells us **how** Americans can actively participate **now** in the propagation of the Faith.

TYPHOID IS NOT OLD-FASHIONED in India! Nor can the typhoid fever problem be solved in a day! Just what medical people in India have to cope with regarding this disease is told by Sister Elise Wijnen, M.D.

"THE BIGGER THE SPOILS, provided the patient recovers, the better the doctor and the hospital"—thus argues the Indian patient. The "booty" was particularly interesting—to patients and relatives, at least—when Sister Alma Lalinsky, M.D., operated on Amir Banu!

THE PATNA BUS IS FAMOUS—for speed—plus . . . ! Sister Vincent had a rather "jolting" two hours' sojourn in it one day. You will find the details (and laughs) in "I Go for a Ride."

THIS YEAR WE HAVE ADDED a new feature to our magazine—questions and answers on India and our missions. You are all cordially invited to join us in "Ask Me Another."

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Editor

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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America - - - War - - - And the Missions

by

Monsignor Edward A. Freking

Most Americans have accepted the idea that our country has a destiny of leadership among the nations of the world. By this they do not understand that we are going to attempt a world-wide domination in commerce or in outright political rule, but rather that we have assumed certain moral obligations, as leaders of a movement to help the people, in Europe and Asia at least, to reestablish justice and order in their respective spheres.

To those whose minds have been attuned to the missionary character of Christianity this is not a new notion. The object of the Christian missionary is not merely to baptize individual persons, but to **establish** Christianity, to add to the visible body of the followers of Christ who constitute what we call the **Church,** to extend the boundaries of that sphere or humanity which accepts the guidance of the Gospel of Christ and which we call **Christendom.** In short, the work of the missionaries has always been aimed at the establishment of peace and justice and order.

We must not, of course, allow our missionary objective to be identified in the minds of the world's people with military or political or commercial ambitions. This has happened in the past, but not through the fault of the missionaries. I don't think it will happen at this time, because I believe that honest people wherever Catholic missionaries have been working must admit to themselves that these religious men and women have only the most unselfish and the most generous motives.

In China our missionaries have remained at their posts almost everywhere. In occupied regions, they have emphatically asserted the non-political character of their status, and it would seem that they have generally been allowed to go about their work, though of course the effectiveness of it has been greatly reduced because money and supplies cannot be received from outside. In free China the missionaries have shown great heroism in caring for refugees, the wounded and the sick, and they have won the admiration of the people and of the national leaders.

In India, the missionary works are continuing against the terrific odds of greatly increased living costs. In Africa, the northern regions, where the fighting has been most severe, have long been strongly Mohammedan. Central Africa, thus far spared the trials of actual warfare, is one of the missionary world's garden spots; indeed, the Church's growth here has more than once caused serious thinkers to wonder if a new era of Christian vitality might not be in preparation in this part of the once belittled "Dark Continent." In the Japanese Empire, of course, American missionaries are practically excluded. But it is important to keep in mind, as the Maryknoll Missioners have emphasized, that the repatriation of these missionaries was not the result of a religious persecution, but simply a necessity of international politics over which they had no control.

Regarding the missionary program which Catholic Americans can now carry on, it is quite difficult to transmit money to parts of the occupied territory, but the missionary bishops of India have implored us to make known that money can be safely sent to that country, and that it is badly needed. Money can also be sent to free China, the transmittal being made by radio. The safest way for transmitting money is, of course, through the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith which has established special facilities for this purpose. Every missionary society that sends personnel into the missions is working harder than ever to recruit workers for the post-war period; this means continued outlay of money for equipment and the maintenance of seminaries and other training institutes. With the rise in the national income as a result of the war industries, it is greatly to be hoped that Catholic Americans will make allotments to missionary purposes more generously, in proportion to their increased incomes—taxes on the latter notwithstanding.

The need of prayers for missionary success hardly needs to be touched upon, except to say that, as the period is one of crisis, our

prayers should be more frequent and more fervent. It should, indeed, be easier to pray with fervor for our foreign missionaries, now that so many families have sons in the armed forces in remote parts of the world.

Most important is the need, now, to prepare personnel for the after-war missionary fields. America's representation in the foreign missionary ranks up to 1941 was still far from the quota that our Catholic population would indicate, and that was in a period when Catholic European countries were able to send missionaries freely and in good numbers. That period is closed now. France is reported to have lost about 6,000 priests since the war began. Poland's Catholic clergy have been imprisoned, exiled, shot. Spain will not recover for years from the mass murder of her priesthood during the recent Communist uprising. Holland had missionaries ready for foreign service, but they have not been able to leave their homeland; whether or not they will be needed in Europe is a problem to which we do not know the answer. In Germany itself, seminaries and religious houses have been closed and turned into military establishments. Whatever the present numbers of the Catholic priesthood and religious in the countries of Europe, there will be little hope for new recruits for years to come, what with the decimation of the youth and the loss of vocations through the distractions of warfare.

America must be ready to send new missionary forces into all parts of the world, just as she will probably be called upon to send or maintain relief forces in all the war-devastated areas. How well will we be prepared to meet this need? We will be prepared to the extent that we have developed our spiritual lives and opened our hearts to the workings of supernatural grace.

"PRAY . . . THE LORD OF THE HARVEST TO SEND FORTH LABORERS INTO HIS HARVEST."

Our outlook must be definitely supernatural. That is the outlook that the world needs. That is the outlook which will inspire our young men and young women to choose the missionary calling, in spite of well-paid occupations and professions in secular life. That is the outlook which will prompt fathers and mothers of families to encourage the study of the missionary vocation by their sons and daughters.

America is the hope of material help and civil freedom for millions in this great war, which has been called World War II. An America of people guided by the supernatural ideal of Christ's Gospel can also be the hope of a permanent and lasting peace. But it will take more than armies of soldiers and fleets of battleships to bring this about. It will take, also, an army of devoted priests and religious, and a force behind the lines of millions of Catholic faithful who are not afraid to accept all that is involved in being a Catholic. This is the opportunity for America. We can only hope and pray that it will also be America's outlook for this and other years to come.

However different be their ideas in temporal matters, if Catholics of divers historical, social and political formation all had a like respect for and a like knowledge of the common doctrine of the Church and of the papal encyclicals. if in their conscience there grew up at the same time an evangelical understanding of life, and a practical knowledge of the spirit of which they are, and of that absolute primacy of charity taught by St. Paul, it is clear that many unhealthy excesses and much blindness would cease. Diversity would remain, but it would be deeply penetrated by union.

—Jacques Maritain in "Scholasticism and Politics"

Towards Living Christianity - -

We HAVE a leader—the Vicar of Christ upon earth. He has told us HOW we can "restore all things in Christ"!

The aim of the Church of Christ is a supernatural union in all-embracing love, deeply felt and practised, and not the unity which is exclusively external and superficial and by that very fact weak.

Legitimate and well-ordered love of our native country should not make us close our eyes to the all-embracing nature of Christian charity, which calls for consideration of others and of their interests in the pacifying light of love.

Safety does not come to peoples from external means, from the sword, which can impose conditions of peace but does not create peace. The forces that are to renew the face of the earth should proceed from within, from the spirit . . . The new order of the world, of national and international life must rest no longer on the quicksands of changeable and ephemeral standards that depend only on the selfish interest of groups and individuals. No, they must rest on the unshakable foundation, on the solid rock of natural law and divine revelation.

Co-operation in the spread of the kingdom of God is a command incumbent on everyone who has been snatched by divine grace from the slavery of Satan and called in baptism to citizenship in the kingdom of God . . .

And if belonging to it, living according to its spirit, laboring for its increase and placing its benefits at the disposition of that portion of mankind which as yet has not part in them, means in our days having to face obstacles and oppositions as vast and deep and minutely organized as never before, that does not dispense a man from the frank bold profession of our faith. Rather, it spurs one to stand steadfast in the conflict even at the price of the greatest sacrifices.

Christianity has not failed in its mission, but men have rebelled against that Christianity which is true and faithful to Christ and His doctrine . . . In its place they have fashioned a Christianity to their liking, a new idol which does not save, which is not opposed to the passions of life, a new religion without a soul, or a soul without religion, a mask of dead Christianity without the spirit of Christ!

If charity is not united in fraternal harmony to strict and cold justice the eye too easily becomes blind to the rights of others and the ear becomes deaf to the voice of that equity through whose wise and willing application reasonable and vital solution can be found, even in the most heated controversies.

And when we say charity we mean the generous and fruitful charity of Christ; that charity which led Him to die for each of us: "Who loves and delivered Himself for me;" that charity which "presseth us;" and brings it about that " they also who live may not live unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them and rose again."

Let us rekindle in ourselves the spirit of love, let us hold ourselves ready to collaborate with our faith and our hands, after the most extensive, disastrous and bloody cataclysm of all history, to reconstruct from the pile of material and moral ruins a world which the bonds of brotherly love will weld in peace, a world in which, with the help of the Almighty, all may be new hearts, words and works.

Pope Pius XII.

Where Typhoid Is Not Old-Fashioned

by

Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Modern medicine has undergone considerable upheavals in the past ten years. Sulfanilimide and its cousins, to mention an outstanding one, have changed the face of the earth for many diseases. We now feel safe about pneumonia, confident with sepsis, and hopeful for meningitis. But there is still one bugbear left, one disease feared and respected, the big bad wolf of present-day medicine — typhoid fever. For sheer bare-handed fighting, with no punches barred, the typhoid germs stand alone. And so far we have not discovered a single weapon that will deal a knock-out blow to these gangsters.

In thoroughly cleaned up and scientifically controlled countries like the United States, typhoid has become old-fashioned. It is still just as deadly as in the days of the Civil War, when it killed more soldiers than did the battles, but it has become so rare that we have lost our dread of it. Clean water and adequate sewage disposal have cramped its style to such an extent that a city with ten typhoid deaths a year feels disgraced for life.

If you really want to learn respect for typhoid, come to India. After you have seen five or six victims carried into the hospital and carried out again a few weeks later in the same way—feet first—you will agree with us in preferring any number of operative cases, any amount of malaria and sepsis and dysentery, rather than **one** typhoid. At best it is a long and dreary illness, with snags and pitfalls around every corner, and at its worst it is a heart-breaking fight against insuperable odds. There is not even a definite crisis to put a period behind its course. It just drags on and on, like an unrefereed free-for-all, until either the germs or the patient drop dead from exhaustion.

In such a disease, where the outcome depends largely on the patient's intelligent cooperation, habits of self-discipline and dogged courage, many people are taken at a disadvantage. They cannot understand the need for swallowing calories without an appetite; they want the unlimited company of sympathetic relatives, rather than the rest and quiet they should have, and in their impatience to be cured overnight they will call in one doctor after another and follow the advice of none. They are their own worst enemies and the typhoid germs' staunch allies, without even suspecting it.

We had a perfect illustration of this fact only a few months ago. There were in Rawalpindi's Holy Family Hospital two cases of typhoid simultaneously — Krishna Rani, a sturdy young girl of twenty, and a frail, middle-aged, European lady, who already had several illnesses behind her. For weeks their course ran parallel—slowly mounting fever, increasing apathy and delirium, then the exhausting fourth week with all its terrors and complications. They had the same care from the very beginning of their illness.

Yet strong young Krishna died, and the frail little lady lived. Why? The lady ate and drank what was given her, and rested flat in bed for interminable lonely hours. Old habits of self-control and cooperation carried her through, despite delirium and exhaustion. Krishna shouted and fussed and tossed and complained, refused milk and puddings, kept half a dozen willing relatives at her beck and call, and acted the spoiled child until the germs got so far ahead of her that there was no catching up anymore. Then she sank into the final coma and died within a few days.

This is such a common experience that we have come to expect it, unless the infection is unusually mild or the patient has been inoculated against typhoid at some time in the past. Such inoculations, despite their proved efficacy, are still rare among Indians. It is unbelievable how ignorance, prejudice and indolence contrive to keep people back from these life-saving injections. The most childish objections, such as fear of the needle prick and dislike of a sore arm, are enough to prevent their popularity. Not until they have an actual case of typhoid in their household, and sometimes not even then, will they submit to the injections.

Even the Europeans are apt to become careless. They had their first inoculations when they came to India, but they forget that they must be repeated at two-year intervals to maintain immunity. Or they have heard of a case where a person came down with typhoid despite the injection, which is possible if the infection is overwhelming, and they will disregard the combined experience of the whole medical profession for one isolated instance like that. Many are the scenes of bitter regret and recriminations our hospital walls have witnessed — "It could have been prevented so easily!"

Of late we have begun to suspect that typhoid is even more common than we realize. There are probably many mild, atypical and unusual forms, which are missed because the diagnosis is so difficult. On clinical evidence alone it takes at least a week to make sure of typhoid, and many patients do not stay that long. If the fever does not break in a few days, the

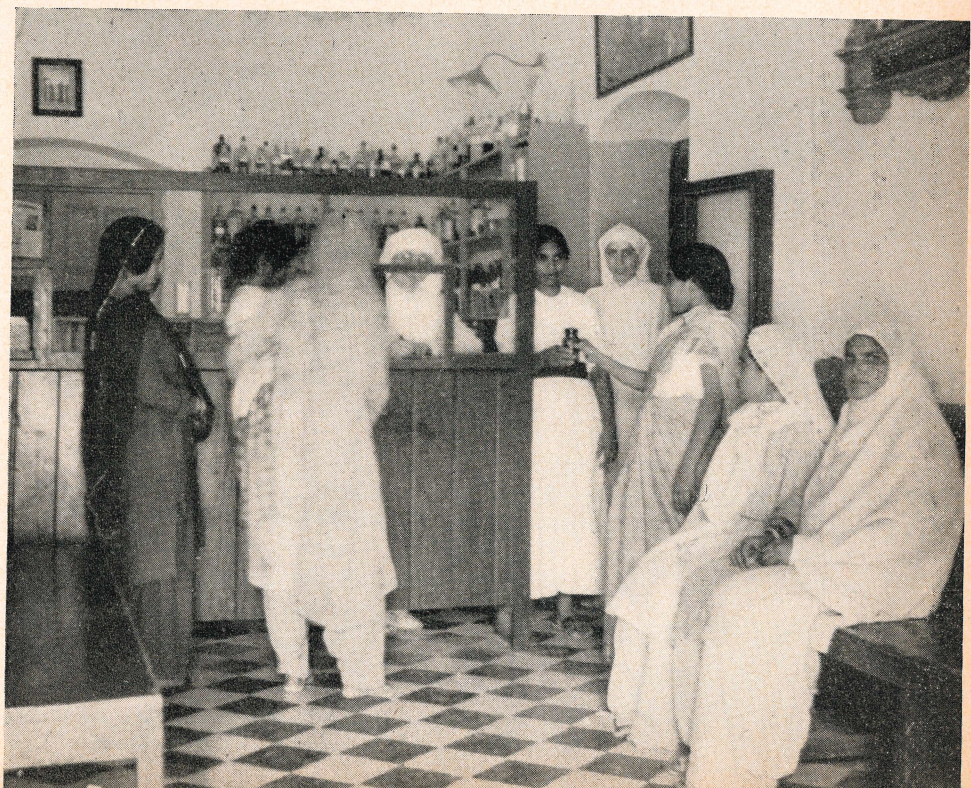
hospital is no good, and off they go, to try seventeen other doctors and places. Many of the "walking typhoids" probably pass through the dispensary, but with so much malaria around it is almost impossible to tell them apart.

What we need, therefore, is a properly equipped bacteriological laboratory. Then we shall be able to do Widal tests and blood cultures in the early stages of any stubborn fever. We do have a laboratory, but these bacteriological studies require a great deal more in the way of equipment, housing, personnel and time. Yet we hope to make a start in the fall, even if it is only with Widal tests. That will mean a big step forward in the diagnosis of typhoid fever and an added safeguard against the danger of cross-infections.

The recent successes of sulfanilimide and sulfapyridine have raised our hopes that perhaps, some time soon, a drug will be discovered which will cure typhoid fever. That is not as rash a statement as it may seem. Already there is a drug on the market in America, called sulfaguanidine, which is effective against the dysentery bacillus. Now the typhoid germs are similar in many respects to the dysentery group of organisms. If we could only cure typhoid the way we can pneumonia, one more big bad wolf would be slain, and many young lives would be saved.

It is useless to state categorically that typhoid should not happen anywhere, because clean water, efficient sewage disposal and sanitary habits will prevent it completely. No one questions the truth of such a statement, but its practical application is still a pipe dream in many localities. Besides the engineering and financial difficulties of such sanitation, there is the lack of education and the worship of tradition to hold people back.

It is a sad waste of money to build a fine water supply, when the people prefer their shallow wells and dirty pools for their daily ablutions and consumption. It is even more useless to provide flushed toilets, when habits of soil pollution and the use of open drains are ingrained in the people. And when illiteracy combines with tradition-worship to retard improvements, it takes a long time before popular education catches up with modern inventions, particularly if they happen to be expensive or inconvenient, with their rewards rather hidden. If a drug for typhoid is discovered, we can safely guarantee half a century of usefulness in India, before typhoid becomes obsolete!



Above—A well equipped bacteriological laboratory means a big step forward in the diagnosis of typhoid fever. We do have a laboratory, but we need much more in the way of equipment, personnel, and time to successfully cope with the typhoid problem.
Below—St. Francis Dispensary — "Many 'walking typhoids' probably pass through the dispensary, but with so much malaria around it is almost impossible to tell them apart."

Seeing Is Believing!

by

Sister Alma Lalinsky, S.C.M.M., M.D.

After an operation one MUST have something to show!

To show her gratitude for successfully performing an operation, this Mohammedan patient presented Sister Alma with this twelve-pound fish.

A five-pound "golee" (tumor) was on display. It had been remvoed that very morning from Amir Banu, a Moslem widow. Though not exactly gigantic in size, this solid growth was large enough to inspire awe in anyone. Here was something the size of a football, or rather, the size of many a newborn Indian babe. Certainly one did not need a microscope or a magnifying glass to startle spectators.

This kind of tumor is really a godsend out here—to the surgeons. One can impress people no end if one has something to show them after an operation. "The bigger the spoils provided the patient recovers," argues the native, "the better the doctor and the hospital." Of course, many operations are tedious and time-consuming and yet productive of very meager specimens, and sometimes none at all. These latter are very disappointing to the natives. Being human, they too like to talk about their operations just as any of us. Gossiping about illnesses, operations and deaths in the family provides about seventy-five percent of the small talk of native women, if one judges by the conversations one overhears in waiting rooms, buses and trains. Patients will sometimes travel from one end of India to the other just because a certain doctor in a certain hospital has operated upon an nth cousin successfully. Patients who have gone through the mill themselves are the best salesmen in selling surgery to those who need it. A few words from them are more convincing than any amount of persuasion by the doctors. After a short chat with post-operatives a person who needs an operation will actually have it done instead of crouching at home in a corner and talking over the possibilities if he does not or the eventualities if he does have the necessary operation.

This particular tumor attracted a goodly number of spectators. There were the laws and in-laws and friends of the patient as well as any interested by-standers. I have yet to see one of the spectators faint at these exhibitions. After they had all satisfied themselves as to its appearance fore and aft, right and left, up and down, they gently prodded it, felt its weight, and then began to ask questions.

Was the patient all right? Yes. Would she recover? Yes, she would recover (please God!). When would she wake up from this unconsciousness? In three or four hours. When would she be able to eat "chappatties" (native bread)? In three or four days. Were the stitches the kind that would absorb themselves or would they have to be removed, and when? They would not absorb and would be removed the eighth or ninth day. Would I see that the nurses did not bathe her every day as she would surely succumb to a draft? Well, I could not promise them that; nurses do like to bathe patients. What woud I do with the tumor? I was not quite sure yet. (We simply cannot add one more specimen jar to our present collection because of lack of space, but I did not tell her that.)

After all the patient's relatives and all the other patients' relatives, etcetera, had exhausted their store of questions, they departed, but not before receiving the parting injunction from me that they must stay away from the patient. They could go home, which I knew they would not do, or wait out in the back garden. Absolute rest and quiet were essential for her speedy recovery.

An hour or so later I stopped into the ward to see how the patient was. She was already wide awake, surrounded by and talking in a matter of fact voice to half a dozen women. The latter assured me that they were just on their way to the garden. They had already given the patient a graphic description of the tumor, had told her when she would get a square meal, and even told her when the stitches would be coming out. The placid patient thought it was part of the usual routine to have all this information regaled to her the minute she woke up. When she saw me she smiled broadly and said, "Allah be praised and thanked. It is finally out!"

She made a remarkable recovery which was not surprising since she was such a remarkably good patient. She never complained; always did what she was told, and even submitted to the daily bath with docility.

The day she left the hospital a tall, handsome Mussalman who turned out to be the headman of Amir's village came to offer thanks in her name and in the name of the village for the successful operation. It appeared that Amir Banu had already started to tell the world!

The New Life Movement In China

"The New Life Movement in China" is the title and subject of a pamphlet issued by the Calcutta office of the Chinese Ministry of Information. The pamphlet is written by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself and is translated into English by Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

The social regeneration of China, which is the aim of the New Life Movement, demands a return to "the ancient high virtues of the nation," which are expressed in the words **li, i, lien** and **ch'ih.** These four virtues "have always been regarded as the foundations of the nation" and "are the essential principles for the promotion of morality. From these rules one learns how to deal with men and matters, how to cultivate oneself, and how to adjust oneself to surroundings." In a word, they are to the Chinese what we call the Cardinal Virtues, that is, those on which the whole of morality hinges.

The first of these, **li,** is translated "etiquette," but the Generalissimo warns his fellow-countrymen it is an error to suppose that the four virtues are simply rules of good conduct. "The word **li** means reason. It becomes natural law when applied to nature; it becomes a rule, when applied to social affairs; and signifies discipline, when used in reference to national affairs. These three phases of one's life are all regulated by reason. Therefore **li** can be interpreted as regulated attitude of mind and heart."

"Justice" is the English word given to the second virtue, **i,** but it is justice in the wider sense of moral rectitude in exterior conduct, and not only in giving to everyone his rights.

"The word **i** means proper. Any conduct which is in accordance with natural law, social rule, or national discipline must be considered as proper. When an act is not proper, or when one thinks it proper but does not act accordingly, the act is naturally not right and therefore cannot be called **i.**"

Lien means integrity. It has something in common with our "prudence."

"The word **lien** means clear. It denotes distinction between right and wrong. What agrees with **li** and **i** is right, and what does not agree is wrong. To take what we recognize as right and to forego what we recognize as wrong constitute clear discrimination. This is **lien.**"

Finally there is **ch'ih** which is translated "conscientiousness." It corresponds to our "conscience."

"The word **ch'ih** means consciousness. When one is conscious of the fact that his own actions are not in accordance with **li, i,** and **lien,** he feels ashamed. When he is conscious of the fact that others are wrong he feels disgusted. But the consciousness must be real and thorough so that he will strive to improve the good and endeavor to get rid of the evil. Then we call it **ch'ih.**"

The Chinese "Cardinal Virtues" include other constituents of the moral act besides what we strictly call virtues. This is illustrated in the following paragraph:

"It is clear that **ch'ih** governs the motive of action, that **lien** gives the guidance for it, that **i** relates to an action actually being carried out and that **li** regulates the outward form of that particular action. The four are inter-related. They are interdependent upon one another in order to make a virtue perfect."

In his pamphlet Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has covered the whole morality of human action. We could do more with reminders from statesmen that reconstruction demands in the first place a renewed observance by all citizens of the fundamental principles of morality. China's leader has given to the United Nations a splendid slogan: "Back to the Cardinal Virtues!" — from The Bombay Examiner.

Truth has rough flavor if we bite it through—Father Elliot.

This Bengali housewife holds her "kukri" (knife) between her feet while preparing vegetables.

Ask Me Another - - -

It happens many times that the nicest and most interesting part of a lecture on India and the missions is the dessert, the questions that are asked when the speaker is finished. They bring out all sorts of details which help to form a mental picture of the places under discussion. Well, this time we shall give you a meal such little boys dream of—nothing but dessert! So don't expect anything substantial or heavy, but if you like the fluffy sweet things in life, then go to it!

What Do You Eat in India?

Everything that's going, from the usual American dishes to the simpler Indian foods. Some of us have become so fond of curry and rice that we prefer it to our native meat and potatoes. After you have once had the lining of your mouth and stomach burned off, curry becomes very tasty indeed. Up to that time you are apt to pause between mouthfuls to gulp down a glass of water (which is the worst thing you can do, as experts will tell you; it merely spreads the conflagration!) and to pant a while, wiping the tears from your cheeks. But that is the kindergarten stage. Soon you learn to overcome that weakness, and eventually you will take your curry straight, with only a small leathery pancake to wipe the plate. Curry is a combination of vegetables, meat or fish, and spices, all soaked in "ghee" (native cooking oil) and served piping hot. It really is a dinner in itself. Indians will not look at potatoes, except chopped up in the curry like any other vegetable, and they scorn bread. In the Punjab they do not even eat rice. Yet they seem to get a fairly well-balanced diet, for food deficiency diseases are rare in this vicinity.

We have a remarkably good variety of meats, fruits and vegetables in the Northern Punjab. We are lucky, indeed, for in many places meat is at a premium and unrecognizable as to origin when you do get it, while butter comes in tins, and two vegetables or fruits at the same time on the same market are all you ever see. But to make up for that, the tea and coffee come straight from the plantations, fragrant nectar fit for the gods, and the Indian fruits are delightful, particularly the mango. This is an orange, oval fruit —with a large stone inside, tasting sometimes like a sweetened perfumed carrot, sometimes like a sweetened perfumed turnip, always like a sweetened perfumed something, and yet the king of the Indian fruits! In Bengal they have the jack-fruit, which, they say, tastes like a combination of onions, carrots, turnips, pork, castor oil, kerosene and paint—somewhat like the liquid in the little bottle which Alice drank in Wonderland!

The queerest Indian dish I have ever tasted was furnished us on the occasion of a big feast day, by a first class Indian caterer who vouched for its excellence. It consisted of whipped cream with small pieces of crab meat and chopped-up green peppers! When we had survived the first shock, it actually tasted delicious!

How Do You Cook the Food?

That is easily answered. We don't. One of the joys of India is the cheapness and inevitability of

servants. So it is the kitchen boy, called "khansaman," who struggles with the cooking problem! We simply come to the table when dinner is served and fall to!

If you have ever entertained any ideas about modern kitchen ranges in India, forget them. Gas is not available and electricity is prohibitive. So picture to yourself a two-by-four hole in the wall, in which a brick furnace has been built. The fire is made of coal, charcoal, coke or wood, and the furnace has three or four holes in the top, on which the pans are placed. Then there is a small trap-door in front which leads to the oven. That is the pride and joy of "khansaman's" life. It holds about three cake tins at a time, but it is a great improvement over the usual Indian oven which is nothing but a small square metal box minus a bottom, placed on top of one of the holes.

Most marvelous of all, it works! Our boys turn out dinners and cakes and cookies that would make your mouth water. They have all my respect and sympathy, especially in summer, when the kitchen resembles a miniature inferno. And when you remember that two men cook, bake and market for about fifty people, you will probably believe that they do not have any time for loafing.

The ordinary people have no such facilities, of course. They cook outside their mud hut or in their courtyard, over a minute open fire of cowdung cakes, with the pans balanced on a couple of bricks, boy-scout fashion. Yet they turn out the nicest curry and "chappatties" (pancakes) you ever tasted. The housewife never once stirs from her squatting position in front of the fire. All her utensils and foodstuffs are spread around her on the ground, within reach of her arm. It is fun to watch them. You can tell a first class cook by the minimum of movements she needs to make to furnish her family with a three course dinner. And the smell is heavenly! Would that the spices tasted half as good as they smell!

Do You Have Any Snakes?

Snakes are funny. They like human beings almost as little as human beings like them. When a man and a snake meet, it takes careful observation to decide who runs the fastest, in opposite directions! Of course, no self-respecting snake will stand being stepped on, or otherwise interfered with. But even so, the majority of the snakes are not poisonous. Sorry to pour cold water on your expectation of snake stories, but we have not seen a bitten victim yet, in the fifteen years of Holy Family Hospital's existence.

Usually what happens when a snake wanders into our compound is this: Six or seven kitchen boys, all the sweepers and coolies in the neighborhood, the servants from next door, school children and loafers from far and wide, as many student nurses as can sneak away, and every sister off duty, assemble around the luckless beast, already stunned if not half-killed by a well-aimed blow at its neck, one of the boys being the hero of the hour. The timid ones "oh" and "ah" in the background, while the braver souls dance around and dare each other to finish the job. Eventually the snake is killed stone-dead, and the skin is exhibited to all and sundry. Then we all trickle back, to work or otherwise.

Occasionally a snake charmer wanders in. His snakes look a little more dangerous than the stray ones we meet, and when they waltz their heads and necks in time to the wild bagpipe-like music of the fakir, you could almost fancy yourself in India after all! But it usually ends in an anti-climax—bystanders refusing to pay as many "annas" as the fakir thinks he ought to get, and the snake charmer furiously stuffing the snakes back into his bag and shouting "gali" (insults) at the top of his voice.

There are snakes in India though. Some jungly places abound with them, and it is no laughing matter either. About twenty thousand people are killed by them every year. The bite of a cobra or a krait is as deadly as the latest secret war weapon and much more sure. Old ruins, deserted buildings, and other weedy and lonely places are left severely alone by the Indians. Picnics and other meetings are suicidal in such surroundings. But in Holy Family Hospital and compound we are pretty safe!

An Indian fakir and his "bags of tricks."

I Go For A Ride!

by

Sister M. Vincent, S.C.M.M.

"Just wait at the hospital gate, and the Bankipur bus will pick you up." With these words, unenlightened, and with an Indian nurse for a companion, I went forth on my adventure. I had been in Patna only a few days—hence, as I waited for the bus my thoughts ran something like this: "Conveniences are certainly turning up in the most unexpected places. How easy it is to get about and save time with, of all the unlooked-for luxuries, a bus line!" My thoughts would have run on thusly, but the bus arrived, and we stepped in.

The bus is like an American truck. For seating accommodations there is a narrow wooden seat running around the walls at the back. Behind the driver there is an extra seat, which is referred to as "first class." Needless to say, we did not travel in that seat. As we boarded we managed to secure two places near the door. Then I settled down to inspection.

Piled in the center of the floor was the passengers' luggage, consisting of everything from kerosene tins to new white "pugri" (turban) material, visible from the ends of its newspaper wrappings. As the bus comes to the different stops, it is the custom to grab your portion of luggage in feverish haste and make for the exit. If your belongings number more than a few, to facilitate your departure, the ticket collector throws them out over your head as you descend the back steps. Anything which cannot be identified as your own, or which you do not want, you return in similar fashion, only this time you throw it over the ticket collector's head back onto the floor again. I was a bit anxious about the kerosene tins. However the owner stayed in the bus after my stop, so my curiosity had to remain unsatisfied.

The bus is famous for its speed. But it "hits the record" only after it has enough passengers to pay for the trip. Therefore, before this capacity is reached the bus proceeds at a snail's pace, while the ticket collector leans out of the back window beseeching anyone going in our direction to enter and spare their weary limbs. If business is not good we come to a dead halt at a stop half-way between Patna City and Bankipur and remain there until we have sufficient passengers to make it worth our while to proceed.

When the moment for departure arrives, the driver resumes his seat with an air of grim determination, and . . . "We're off!" There are no other words for it, as with a sudden lurch we start off down the road to Bankipur.

This particular morning of which I speak was singularly adventuresome. I believe I was initiated into most of the vicissitudes of bus travel in the short two hours I was on the bus. I had been suspecting a flat tire since we boarded, and as we shifted into top speed I was convinced. We jogged up and down on our seats for some time when finally the ticket collector suspected something must be wrong. He called a halt to the driver and announced his suspicion in a loud voice. He jumped to the ground, and every last man in the bus filed out after him, walking round the bus, eyeing it up and down, and peering underneath. The group stood in conclave for about five minutes. It was decided to proceed . . . they could not understand it!!! We drove on for about ten minutes before another halt was called, and the process was repeated. But no one among them discovered the flat tire! When we were off again the ticket collector, who, by this time I had decided, must be the boss, directed the driver to proceed, but at a slower speed.

We reached Bankipur sooner than I expected, and as we descended I glanced at the flatter than flat tire in the rear. As the bus bumped out of sight I remembered my thoughts of the early morning, when I had stood waiting for the bus. However I was not completely disillusioned! The fact remains. Patna does boast of a bus line, running rain, hail, or shine, and we use it—with bright hopes for streamline service in the future!

Not everyone in Patna travels by bus! The horse-drawn cart is still much in evidence.

In Our Library

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS. Field Afar Press, New York, 1942. Paper cover, 55 pp., $.50.

Everyone enjoys receiving letters, and when they bear a foreign postmark they seem to be doubly enticing. This small volume of "Maryknoll Mission Letters" is no exception. Written to their friends at home in Maryknoll, the letters present intimate and varied glimpses of the daily life of a missionary and his relations with his people in China and Japan. Fire, famine, flood, rice, cows, funerals and weddings,—all the problems of life crowd into the missionary's day and seek a solution that will establish the Kingdom of Christ deeper and deeper into foreign soil. In truth the missionary must be "all things to all men." Not only Maryknoll's friends—but also all those who are interested in knowing the Chinese as a people—will want to read these charming letters.

THE CHINA THAT WAS, by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Cloth Bound, 199 pp. $2.25.

Here is a neat little volume crammed full of facts about the China that opened its doors and eventually its heart to the Jesuit missionaries at the close of the sixteenth century.

"The China That Was" provides a background for an understanding of the traditions that have made China what she is—a country with an ancient culture untouched for centuries by outside contact—a land, devoted, not to aggressive war, but to peace.

After briefly discussing the geography of China, the author enumerates the products found over such a wide range of climatic conditions. It is not a mere enumeration—there are many little points of interest, like the preference of the Chinese for flowers of beautiful shape and color rather than those of delightful odor; the drinking of rice wine which, though pleasant, "does not produce the same feeling of warmth as our wines of Europe"; the vogue for pork and the prevalence of horse meat.

Then we launch into a discussion of the arts and sciences: Architecture—buildings without foundations; music — stringed instruments but nothing of the keyboard type; painting — no use of perspective; language — 80,000 ideographs; great progress in moral philsophy, mathematics and astronomy; an educational system based on the nine books of Confucius, the moral philosophies. This system, besides being educational, is a huge civil service plan and a bond of brotherhood among those who strive for a degree in the same year.

The Chinese republic and its government by the literati, the social life of the people, their superstitions, the main religious sects and the foreign religions in China, are considered. Christianity was introduced into China by St. Thomas, the Apostle of India. And even at the time St. Francis Xavier arrived in India, "the Church of the Malabar Mountains was ruled over by Don James, Metropolitan of India and China."

CSMS members will find "The China That Was" a grand reference book. (Incidentally a good index is included.)

Life is a federation of interests in the kingdom of Christ. —Monsignor Kerby.

IN THE VINEYARD — ESSAYS ON CATHOLIC ACTION, by Rev. John J. Hugo. The Catholic Worker Press, New York. Paper cover, 5 cents.

These essays are reprinted from the Catholic Worker, and "it is hoped that they may encourage workers in the vineyard of the Lord to adopt God's way of working and put aside the merely human way." Those who wish to "do something" will find in these essays some real inspiration.

SCAPULAR INSTRUCTIONS — The Scapular Press, Sea Isle City, N. J. Paper Cover, 10 cents.

A resumè of the scapular devotion, excerpted from "Mary in Her Scapular Promise" by John M. Haffert, and from other sources.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. Franz A. Schneeweiss, Washington, D.C.

Rev. Ambrose C. Beavan, Baltimore, Md.

Sister M. Gabriella, Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Evarista, Hartford, Conn.

Sister Marion, Baden, Pa.

Mr. James McArdle, Oakland, Calif. (father of Sister M. Therese, S.C.M.M.)

Miss Enid Maude Dinnis, London, England.

May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

News From India - - -

DACCA

From Dacca we have heard that all is quiet again after the recent uprising, and once more "air raid precautions" are the topic of the day. Sister Cecilia, who is stationed at the Mitford Hospital in Dacca sent us the following note, in which she volunteers some information on the contrasts between Dacca and Murree, where she spent her vacation:

"In case you do not know, Bengal is about two thousand miles (more or less) from Rawalpindi, and Murree is about two hours' run by car up the hill from Pindi. Naturally the journey from Dacca is quite a trip, but it is never boring no matter how many times you make it. There is always somebody crawling in and out of tons of baggage. One begins to speculate at each influx just how much of the baggage will have to remain on the platform, but 'nary a scrap' is left behind. It all fits in somehow.

"About two hours outside of Calcutta on the journey up, preceded by stacks of boxes, trunks, a sewing machine, and bedding rolls, five children (ranging in age from one to five) and their mother entered the compartment and settled down to wait for their father. He politely told them he could not enter, however, because it was a ladies' compartment. 'How should I know that?' asked the woman. She could not read and had not noticed the figure of a woman on the door. The husband had knowingly, in my opinion, deposited all these possessions in order to get an hour's peace. So the woman had to stay, after a futile attempt to change places during the few minutes' stop.

"Rawalpindi is dry and sandy, and at this time of the year there is little rain with the exception of a few thunderstorms. When making the three-day trip back to Bengal one notices the different kinds of soil and vegetation which result from the heavier rains farther south—changing from sand and rocks and scarce 'greenery' to soggy rice fields, rivers, banana palms and many more varieties of leafy trees. The camels are fascinating. They are ugly, but yet they seem to give one the impression of dependability, rising far above one and never seeming to be in a hurry. The monkeys, on the other hand, are impish. When Sister Pauline and I were coming up on the train dozens of them with their young on their backs were scampering around the platform at one of the stations. They all made a bee line for the train, but were driven off by the occupants. They have an alarmingly accurate instinct for locating lunches. The buffaloes are fierce looking animals, and we do not like to meet them face to face. Bullocks are the beasts of burden and draw the heaviest loads, but at a speed certainly not comparable to that of an airplane! The jackals howl enough to keep you awake at night, and lizards are numerous. However the butterflies here in Dacca are gorgeous, and the frogs are innumerable, so much so that we are thinking of eating them. But, as Sister Thomas says, 'I could never fancy a Dacca frog!' "

Figure It Out If You Can!

Doctor (to a solicitous relative hovering near the child's bed): "Are you this child's father?"

Relative: "Oh, no! This child's eldest brother is my father-in-law."

Sister Vincent sent us the following little joke on one of the Dacca sisters:

"One of the sisters needed a topee, so someone measured her head and sent in the order to the firm. She measures 34 inches. The firm wrote back to say that size twenty-eight was the largest made, but if we really wanted one that large it could be made to order. How did the mistake happen? The head-size was twenty-three inches, and if you look at the other side of a tape measure you will notice it is thirty-four inches. The shop people must have thought we had an elephant who needed a topee!"

PATNA

According to the latest reports from Patna the hospital there has been enlarged to a seventy-bed capacity. In a recent letter written by Sister Pauline, we were told that by August over 650 patients had been admitted and there were 84 deliveries. While the building was in progress, there was quite a "to-do" of course—especially when the "roof beating" began. Sister describes it as follows:

"There is a great beating and patting going on over our heads, for the roof-beating has started in full force. A hundred and eight coolie women have been engaged to beat the roof for one week. They sit in a squatting position and have a small wooden paddle which they use all in unison. In some districts the people employ a fiddler to provide music for the performance We have "music" of quite a different sort, for in the meantime our front porch is crowded with yelling and screaming little brownies from a few weeks to about four years old. The mothers, you see, bring their babies to work with them here.

"Throughout all the building the hospital remained open for patients, and we ran a daily average of about thirty. One man, when told his wife could go home, re-

plied, 'I think I'll leave her here for a few days. It is so restful for here here!' Just what we thought it was not!

"As we came out of the chapel this afternoon we met a very excited group on the path, standing over something on the ground and inspecting it with great interest. A cobra had just been killed. It was a small one and only about two feet long, so the rest of the family must be about somewhere. 'Mali' said it had 'stood right up' before he hit it with a stick. He always sells these dead snakes to the 'hakims' (native herb doctors) in the bazaar."

RAWALPINDI

An interesting sidelight on the work in Rawalpindi was brought out in a letter written by Sister Dolores some time ago. She wrote:

"Holy Family Hospital here is still small enough to have a happy family atmosphere not found in large institutions. People walk in and out of the nursery all day long. Usually it is the mother-in-law who does the ushering, especially if it is a boy. Whenever a baby has been here for some time the parents feel very much at home. Just to illustrate—the other evening a father of one of the babies brought some friends into the nursery, and after casually 'salaaming' to us, he went right on to show his friends, not only his own child, but all the other babies as well, giving a little history of each case. Thus he informed them that Soni had a father, but no mother and was here because he was a year and a half old and could not walk, that Theresa was an orphan and had bad eyes, and that Cecilia's mother was downstairs in the women's ward with T.B. And so he continued with a story about each baby. The babies might have been his, such was the fatherly interest he took in every one of them.

The whole family feels at home in Holy Family Hospital.

"Judging from the attitude of the people, much progress has been made here. At one time it took a great deal of persuasion to give an anesthetic to a patient. Now the people ask for it.

"Just the other day a mother-in-law came in with three dispensary tickets and one daughter-in-law whom she wanted admitted. One ticket would have sufficed, but she has been bringing three of her daughters-in-law to our antenatal clinic. Since she could not read and hence could not tell which ticket belonged to this girl she brought all three and said to the Sister, 'Read off the names on the tickets, and I shall tell you which one is hers'."

The Medical Missionaries Wish You the Blessings of Peace and Happiness in the New Year

NO—WE'RE NOT ASKING YOU
TO START A REVOLUTION!
Other folks might urge you to;
WE'RE OUT FOR RESOLUTION!
RESOLVED: IN NINETEEN FORTY-THREE
(We ask you, please, to say.)
TO MAKE THAT HOSPITAL COME TRUE—
NOW, WITHOUT DELAY.
YES, TO OUR GREATEST NEED
You have the RIGHT SOLUTION.
So won't you make it YOURS TO KEEP—
THIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION?

WE ARE RESOLVED TO BUILD A NEW HOSPITAL IN RAWALPINDI, INDIA!

WHY? Because CHRIST SAID: "AS LONG AS YOU DID IT TO THESE, MY LEAST BRETHREN, YOU DID IT TO ME."

Unless YOU RESOLVE TO HELP US we cannot carry on this work!

The need is great!

WON'T YOU PLEASE GIVE NOW

To help us BUILD THAT HOSPITAL IN RAWALPINDI IN 1943!

Mother Anna Dengel
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your hospital campaign.

Enclosed please find $.....

to buy bricks for Pindi.

Very sincerely,

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